

Shining brightly atop one of the highest peaks in the entire continent of Fodlan, the mighty fortress of Garreg Mach was once again bustling with the loud, lively commotion of life. Excitement and cheers exploded from the castle's training grounds as faculty and students from every single house gathered around. There was a strange sort of ecstatic electricity coursing through the air, an infectious feeling of competition and camaraderie that spread to all who attended. Sothis could see it on the faces of the people piling in as she made her way into the training grounds. It was hard not to let these feelings affect her, heart thumping with a buzzing anticipation. Somehow it felt like this was much more than a simple demonstration, it was a monumental event.

The reason for such widespread zeal became perfectly clear once Sothis passed through the wide doors of the training grounds, giving her a clear view into the building's open courtyard. Out there in the middle of the Arena stood two of Fodlan's most admired and influential people. On the one hand was Edelgard, the proud princess of the Adrestian Empire. Her hair was white as snow, her slim figure clad in a brilliant red uniform. The enormous axe she held in one hand looked entirely out of place for a woman that looked as cute and dainty as a doll. Yet despite her harmless appearance, Edelgard's hear seared with the fires of an incredibly apt and determined leader.

Facing off against Edelgard was another of Fodlan's important figures, prince Dimitri Alexandre Blaiddyd of the Holy Kingdom of Faerghus. Dimitri was basically everything you could ask for in a prince. He was tall, handsome and strong. His shining blonde hair made him look like royalty, his azure eyes sparkling in the sun. Yet despite being raised with all of the luxuries that came with royalty, Dimitri was still somehow able to maintain a grounded and caring personality, perfect for someone who would very soon become the king of his entire nation. Taking into account all of these considerations, it only made sense people would be excited to see Edelgard and Dimitri go head-to-head against each other in the field of battle.

It wasn't just that the two were quite proficient fighters, or that they were in the running to be leaders of the two most powerful nations in Fodlan. Rather, their encounter had a certain type of metaphysical charm that made it so enticing for the people present. There was Edelgard, a rising star with novel ambitions, versus Dimitri, a man who very much stood for his past. It was kingdom versus empire, man versus woman, tradition versus revolution. The little event was grown so renowned, there was not a single soul who wished to miss it. Almost every single student of both the Black Eagles and Blue Lions houses were present, that much was obvious. But several other uninvolved parties were eager to see how things unfolded, like the sly Claude who took a first row seat, or Seteth who watched from the corner with a stern gaze. In a way, this demonstration almost felt like some sort of proxy duel that would determine the very fate of Fodlan.

While Sothis herself wasn't too familiar with the deep, geo-political intricacies of the entire encounter, she was most certainly savoring everyone's excitement. Not to mention how her heart was already racing from her previous little accidents. Sothis had never let herself go in such a wild manner, at least not that she remembered. Ignoring her rational mind and giving in to that rampant, electrifying desire was so incredible her fingertips still buzzed with the afterglow. A little rational part of her at the back of her head still warned her to go back, that if she didn't control herself things would get really out of hand. But the combination of her desires with the emotions of the people around her made it impossible for the little gremlin goddess to resist.

Effortlessly floating through the absolute wall of people that amassed at the edge of the arena, Sothis headed straight towards where Dimitri and Edelgard were standing. While it could have been so easy to

possess or transform any random student at the back of the room without anyone giving it any mind, Sothis' interest was completely enraptured by the two royals. There was an element of spectacle, of course. Transforming people in a crowd was something Sothis had never done. The types of reactions that people would give when they saw these two imposing people being morphed by Sothis' powers made the little goddess' phantom organ tremble with lust.

However, what truly sealed the deal for Sothis was the idea that by warping two of the most important figures in Fodlan, she was also in a way corrupting what they stood for. Twisting the stubborn and responsible princess Edelgard into some sort of submissive slut seemed absolutely divine. The thought of reducing Dimitri to some sort of fragile, feminine figure made Sothis drool on the spot. So many people were putting their dreams and their ideals into these two, the fates of two enormous countries rested upon their shoulders. And yet with a single flick of her finger, Sothis could utterly shatter their realities? How was a poor, needy girl like her supposed to not give in?

As Sothis came closer to the duo, she stopped for a moment to observe the situation. Whilst Edelgard stood in a combat stance, expression firm and axe firmly gripped in hand, Dimitri seemed to have a much more relaxed demeanor.

"Gosh Edelgard, look at all the commotion we've brought." Dimitri sighed, voice soft and face tender. "Must we really partake in such a barbaric display?"

"Oh? Is that fear I sense Dimitri?" Edelgard retorted smugly. "I never expected the first prince of Faerghus to have such a weak-willed disposition."

"Far from it, princess." Dimitri wasted no time snapping back. "If there's anything I fear, it's that I might go too hard on you. Then we'd have a real political problem in Fodlan."

"Hah! So there is a little bite in you after all!" Edelgard's face lit up with a smile. "I was worried that this was going to turn into a boring, one-sided encounter."

"Nothing of the sort! But..." Dimitri looked around, the expectant gaze of the audience bearing into his psyche. "Still, I just do not understand why you had to make such a big deal over a simple training session."

"Worry not Dimitri! Think of this as nothing more than a fun demonstration for the students of our houses. Don't you think they'd be excited to see their house leaders in action?" Edelgard tried to reassure him. "Plus, just look around. It's a bit too late to back down isn't it~? You wouldn't want to disappoint this whole audience."

Dimitri opened his mouth, but closed it promptly. A part of him didn't quite trust Edelgard's intentions. He had no idea why she'd been so desperate to call this duel, nor why it had been advertised to such a degree. Her true purposes were a mystery to his mind. Regardless, he had nothing of substance to go off more than gut feeling. And more importantly... Edelgard was totally right. With so many other students enthusiastically cheering for him, many of them being Dimitri's personal friends, there was no way for him to deny Edelgard's request at this point.

"Very well." Dimitri smirked. He lifted his lance off the ground, gripping it tightly with both hands. "In that case, let us give them a show they will remember."

Instantly picking up on Dimitri's fighting spirit, Edelgard too hoisted her axe off the ground. The two exchanged a set determined gazes, eyes clashing in a preemptive battle of determination. Their bodies stood firmly on the sandy terrain of the arena, ready to charge at any moment. Holding their weapons tightly in hand, they prepared to show off every last ounce of strength within them. It was blatantly clear to anyone who could see that despite their differences, they truly respected and recognized each other's power.

Like a set of synchronized dancers, Dimitri and Edelgard rushed towards each other at the same exact time. Their legs propelled them forward with speed, arms lugging their heavy weapons directly in front. With every step, the two grew closer and closer. But just when it seemed like they were going to crash, their weapons lunged forward and banged against each other with a loud metallic clang that resonated throughout the training grounds. Instantly, the crowd erupted with cheers from each side, students all around yelling and bouncing happily to witness the action. The edge of Edelgard's axe stopped a few inches away from Dimitri's face, whilst the tip of Dimitri's lance edged just to the left of Edelgard's throat. The two weapons had collided at their handles, stopping them from reaching their deadly marks. Yet no matter how hard either Dimitri or Edelgard pushed, it seemed neither of them would budge.

"I'm surprised Dimitri!" Edelgard spoke almost sarcastically, not losing her cool for a single second. "I never expected a bear of a man to move as fast as you."

"I must say the same thing princess." Dimitri responded calmly, totally unfazed by Edelgard's teasing. "For a princess of your stature, you pack quite the punch."

While the two royals clashed together in the center of the battlefield, Sothis was quicky to follow behind. The invisible goddess pushed herself closer and closer to the duo, close enough that if she had a physical form, she'd be in terrible danger. Floating directly between Dimitri's lance and Edelgard's axe, the goddess was able to observe every last detail of the encounter. She could see the sweat the poured down Dimitri's face, the way Edelgard's face scrunched up as she tried to keep up with Dimitri's strength. Sothis could even feel the panting of their breaths and grinding of their weapons. It was the undisputed best seat in the house, and Sothis was drinking it all in.

The utter deluge of emotion that poured out of these two was downright intoxicating to Sothis. She could feel every ounce of determination, every little shrivel of will. They were so ripe to be twisted by Sothis' desires, so alike and so different in a myriad of ways. Just seeing them staring into each other's eyes without even the slightest of hesitation was incredible. They were so close they could even kiss!!!

Acting entirely on instinct, Sothis' hands began extending forth towards the two royals. Sothis herself had no idea what she was planning to do with these two. Rather, it as if some kind of divine truth had been revealed to her fingertips and she was simply forced to obey. With each of her hands, Sothis firmly grasped each of the royal's heads. Dimitri and Edelgard could feel a slight tugging at their scalps, but didn't give it much mind otherwise. However, Sothis wasn't merely clinging onto their hair. Her fingers delved further into the pair's skulls, penetrating their very minds and souls. Of course, for the two people locked in the heat of battle, such a diminutive itch seemed quite unimportant. But the breadth of Sothis' control would not waste any time in manifesting themselves.

Little by little, Edelgard and Dimitri found their heads start to approach each other. It was very subtle at first. Both of them were focusing their strength on their arms and legs, hoping to overpower their

opponent with raw power. They could be forgiven for not noticing the way their faces continued to grow ever closer. But soon their motions moved past being incidental to the point of becoming mystifying. Edelgard sprang onto her tiptoes in an attempt to reach Dimitri, while Dimitri hunched down just to grow ever so slightly closer. By the point Edelgard and Dimitri were nose to nose, it was very apparent something was wrong.

And yet... Neither of them could pull away from each other. No matter how hard they tried to stretch their necks back or pull their bodies away, the two continued to inch closer and closer as if they were unstoppable objects.

"H-Hey!! W-What do you think you're doing?!?" Edelgard cried out, her breath pushing against Dimitri's face.

"I'm not doing anything!!!" Dimitri responded with just as much distress. "You're the one that- Mffff-!!!"

Before either one of them could really gather what was going on however, their complaints were unceremoniously cut short as the duo's lips began to lovingly mesh together. Edelgard's and Dimitri's eyes instantly shot wide open, a sensation of shock and dread coursing through their bodies. Though their voices rang out into each other's throats with groans of discomfort and indignation, this was the furthest extent of their ability to resist. No matter how hard they furrowed their brows or stiffened their expressions, neither party could push their bodies away from each other. It was as if their lips had been magnetically sealed, forcing them to embrace in the most intimate manner either of them had ever experienced. Not even their muscled arms, which continued to clash with their weapons, could break this mental seal.

The kiss was so apparent and growing more intimate by the second that the audience soon began to take notice. Cheers of excitement slowly simmered down, replaced with confused grunts and judgmental whispers. Claude looked on at the steamy make out session with an expression of enthusiasm. He had no idea whether this was some sort of genius plan or terrible accident, but he was quite thrilled to observe. Over in the front of the crowd, Hubert looked downright flabbergasted, pale and frozen enough that he could be mistaken for a corpse. Dedue was just as shaken up and confused, though he was able to keep some of his composure.

"Oooohhhh!!! What are they doing- What are they doing?!" Flayn happily hopped up and down beside Dedue, her demeanor not quenched in the slightest. "Is this some sort of cool new fighting technique??"

Dedue stayed his tongue, not wishing to embarrass his lord by adding further fuel to the fire of restless chattering. But the student's gossiping only grew louder the longer Dimitri and Edelgard continued to kiss, filling the two with a sensation of abject, bubbling embarrassment. What had once been defiant anger and fierce resistance within the duo's hearts was slowly simmering into helpless acceptance. Dimitri's and Edelgard's cheeks flushed with a brilliant red color. A sensation of warm shame caused them to tingle from head to toe. Neither of them could believe what was happening to them. So many of their peers and admirers were simply standing there, whispering to each other whilst Dimitri and Edelgard made fools of themselves. It was like a scene out of their worst nightmares.

But the worst part of it all was how much nicer it was starting to feel. As much as Edelgard and Dimitri hated this moment, it seemed their bodies were slowly embracing their passion. Their angered grunts slowly shifted into soft, breathy gasps of desires. Dimitri could feel his manhood stiffening inch after inch,

whilst a damp patch of arousal dribbled onto Edelgard's panties. As figures of their respective countries, it was of utmost importance for Edelgard and Dimitri to remain firm and chaste at all moments. So to be forced into such a shameful display before all of their constituents made them both feel as if their inhibitions were slowly being grinded away.

But the lower Dimitri's and Edelgard's resistance dipped, the more Sothis' control over the two grew. The little goddess dipped her ghostly hands further into their brains, causing the two to groan and shiver in place. Her fingers made quick work of their systems, high-jacking their physical and mental faculties. But Sothis didn't simply want control over their bodies and minds. She wanted to take over their control of their very beings. Pussy quivering with twisted desires, Sothis wasted no time imbuing high concentrations of her transformative power directly into the two.

It did not take too long for the physical aspects of Sothis' manipulation to bear fruit. Dimitri and Edelgard were quick to notice them as their field of view changed. Whereas previously, Edelgard had been forced to stand on her tippytoes in order to get even slightly close to Dimitri's head, little by little her body was pushing her upwards as her height magically increased. In a similar but opposite reaction, Dimitri found himself slowly shrinking towards the ground, as if his body could support his tall height no longer. In only a matter of seconds, both Dimitri and Edelgard had become the exact same height, making it incredibly easy for them to keep making out.

While the sudden and abrupt transformation made it blatantly clear that something way out of the ordinary was going on, neither Dimitri nor Edelgard had any way of stopping it. The spell that kept them bound was stronger than ever before. All that Dimitri could do was moan as he felt his brilliant blonde hair explode from his scalp, raining down onto his shoulders with soft, silky smooth yellow locks. His body crackled and shifted with intensity, the square, mannish figure compressing down to a set of plump, round feminine curves.

Poor Edelgard was not exempt to any of these changes either. A thick amount of heavy, masculine muscle sprouted throughout her figure. From a firm, hardened six pack that surged from her flat belly, to girthy, firm muscles that sprouted on her arms and legs. The extra height that she had gained gave Edelgard a much more imposing stature, while her larger limbs made her look fiercer than ever before. If Edelgard could be considered menacing before, her growing body was making her into the imposing titan she'd always dreamed of being.

The strangest thing of all however, was that despite the many different transformations each one of them were going through, Dimitri and Edelgard were actually becoming more and more alike by the second. While Dimitri's body became plumper and more feminine, Edelgard's body grew sleek and masculine. The more their lips continued to push together, the more their faces converged into the same visage. Their asses grew fat in unison, legs plumping up evenly. It was as if their features were being perfectly distributed between the two, slowly turning them into almost identical twins of each other.

As all of these changes continued to propagate through Dimitri's and Edelgard's bodies, each of their transformations became more and more pronounced. Dimitri's flat, firm pecs bulged forward with heaps of mass, pressing more against his tight uniform with every passing second. His nipples thickened and grew, a soft pinkish color replacing their previously monotone brown. The chest took on a supple, heaving spherical chest, until they had become an exact replica of Edelgard's breasts. In fact, they actually grew a couple of sizes larger, imperatively pressing onto Edelgard's bust as if they were superior.

Further down below, Edelgard's body was undergoing a similar development. The once regular, pudgy clit that rested atop of Edelgard's pussy was now quickly expanding in size. Inch after inch it grew in both length and girth, bulging against her skirt until it had become a girthy 10-inch shaft, two inches larger than Dimitri's own. Her actual pussy wasn't left intact either. As the organ quelled and shuddered, its vaginal entrance slowly shut itself close, only for a plump sack to surge from that exact place. The sack was filled with a pair of hefty testicles, which fueled the arousal of Edelgard's new cock by providing it with plenty of fresh sperm.

Though once diametrically opposed in every manner, the Dimitri and Edelgard that now stood in the middle of the training grounds were almost identical copies of each other. Their bodies were the same height, their faces the exact alike in looks. Their asses were filled with supple fat, and both of their curves ran along the same shape. There were a couple of little differences here and there, like Dimitri keeping his original blonde hair color, or Edelgard having a larger cock. But if one were to put them side to side, it would be difficult to say who was who.

With their bodies altered to such an incredible degree, poor Edelgard and Dimitri couldn't help but fall prey to their new desires. Their tongues kept pushing and meshing inside each other's mouths, but this time their movements were much more intentional. The two rubbed their bulging crotches together, gasping as they felt their hardening cocks kissing through their clothes. Even the sensation of their breasts squeezing as their chests came ever closer was downright dazzling. No longer were the two even attempting to keep up their fight, as all of the strength abandoned their arms. In fact, the two were so invested in each other, that neither realized as their weapons gracelessly clanged onto the ground.

This scene alone was perhaps the greatest gift Sothis could have ever wished for. Head rolling back in bliss, Sothis groaned happily as she watched the two royals abandon reason and give in to their growing lust. Sothis' pussy trembled mightily, its folds already flooding with copious amounts of arousal. To think that just a couple of seconds ago, these two were so ready to go at each other's throats. Yet now that Sothis had thoroughly corrupted them, all they could think about was their perverse needs. It sent palpitations of ecstasy throughout the goddess' whole form. It was taking every single ounce of restraint for her not to just let go of the royal's minds and simply start violently masturbating. The depths of her womb bellowed with a thumping desire that would not be satisfied by simply watching.

Like a ticking time bomb, Sothis needy pussy continued to thump and thump, until finally Sothis' body decided to take things into its own hands. A loud, blissful groan escaped from Sothis' dovey, vacant face, her spine tingling with a delicious sensation. Slowly turning down towards her crotch, the culprit of such a spike of pleasure was quite easy to see. While Sothis had been trying to focus in controlling Edelgard and Dimitri, her body had forcefully grown a cock from her horny pussy. Inch after inch of the cock pushed sprung forth from the depths of Sothis' insides, throbbing and twitching with lust all along the way. By the time it reached its zenith, the penis' tip budged against Sothis' belly button. It was as thick and large as a horse cock, and before long a set of corresponding balls popped out of Sothis' pussy to accompany it, replacing Sothis' womanhood in its entirety.

Seeing such a tremendous and gorgeous cock, Sothis' lust only intensified. Through her thoroughly giddy expression, she truly knew things were getting real bad. Sothis had abandoned so much of her self-control, she'd reached the point she was transforming her own body unintentionally. If she didn't get herself together soon, nobody would be able to predict the amount of chaos she could spread throughout the whole academy. Going forward, the most rational course of action was to stop before

things were too bad. She'd already had her fun, she'd already released much of that pent up frustration. All she had to do now was set things back to normal, and everything would turn out alright.

It was so simple. And yet, it was also too late. By now, Sothis had gone off the deep end, and she had no intention of going back. Her mind craved transformations, her cock demanding stimulation. Sothis was so high off the feeling of power and lust, any sort of logical thought was thrown out the window. No... What Sothis wanted to do was push all of this to its absolute limit. She wanted to indulge in all of her desires, to see how far she could push this and how hard it would break. Sothis would not be satisfied until every single inch of her non-physical form was numb with bliss.

Expression utterly seeping with perverse desires, Sothis pulled her hands out of both Dimitri's and Edelgard's heads. Instead, she directed those slender, twitching fingers onto the length her needy cock. Sothis' entire body trembled as she felt the delicious sensation of her feminine digits squeezing onto her fat, girthy shaft. Her entire body rolled backwards like a yo-yo, torso arching forth into a fetal position that allowed her to thoroughly bask in the steamy musk of her thick penis. Sothis had already altered other people's forms today, she'd experienced the pleasures of penis first hand. However, having all of those sensations occur on her own, personal form was an entirely different experience. It was making her lust grow to levels she never even thought were possible!

Not to mention how Sothis had the perfect fap material right before her very eyes. With her hands still firmly occupied rubbing her erect penis, Sothis eagerly turned towards the transformed Dimitri and Edelgard. Drool dripped down her lip and shudders ran down the cock as she observed them kissing. Even though she'd long released both of them for her control, it seemed the two were still going at it quite adamantly. Their cocks rubbed against each other through their clothes as their hips rocked greedily. A litany of breathy gasps and needy moans cascaded from their mouths with ever continued smooch, an endless amount of desire flowing from deep within their cores.

In fact, Edelgard and Dimitri wanted each other so badly, that all of a sudden their clothes began to disintegrate on the spot! A remnant of the magic Sothis had imparted on each other, Dimitri and Edelgard had somehow managed to get rid of the last thing that was truly keeping them apart. Like a pack of fireflies flying off into the wind, the threads of their outfits simply flickered into a bright shine before disappearing entirely. Their bare breasts pushed against each other as the light traveled down their forms. Their fully erect dicks no longer had any barriers keeping them apart, allowing the two to frot and rub to their utmost pleasure.

"Mgghh~ A-Ah!!" Edelgard reflexively pushed herself away upon noticing their disintegrating outfits. "O-Our clothes!"

Dimitri didn't give it any mind initially. He unwittingly shot Edelgard a needy expression, his face approaching hers in a desperate need to continue their kiss. Only for him to slowly realize... He was no longer being forced to kiss Edelgard! He could even move the entire rest of his body to his free will. At some point in time, it seemed the two had regained total control over their forms!

"When did we-" Dimitri tried to get his thoughts in order, only to trail off once again the moment his eyes met with Edelgard's.

Once more, Dimitri and Edelgard had found themselves in an unbreakable, unshakeable exchange of gazes. Except this time, their actions were entirely intentional. Looking deep into each other's perfectly

mirrored visages awoke something inside of Edelgard and Dimitri. There was this strange sensation of comfort broiling within their hearts, an incredible feeling of trust and camaraderie they'd never experienced with anyone else.

"Wow... You've changed so much..." Edelgard gasped. Her hand unwittingly rose towards Dimitri's face, lovingly cupping his soft cheek.

"You too..." Dimitri responded in kind, mimicking Edelgard's exact motions out of pure instinct. "You're so... So beautiful..."

For as much as Dimitri and Edelgard could have been powerful warriors and exemplary leaders, the two were also quite lonely. The past hadn't been kind to either of them. A series of misfortunes caused each one of them to grow distant, unable to truly connect or trust anyone. So to actually find someone who was them in every way, someone who felt how they felt, thought what they thought, looked how they looked... Frankly, it was nothing short of exhilarating!

As if acting entirely on instinct, Dimitri and Edelgard began to grind their dicks together once more. The two groaned in unison, but neither of them dared to stop.

"The two of us look so alike now..." Dimitri groaned breathily, his thoughts entirely enraptured by Edelgard's face. "It's almost like we're..."

"Sisters..." Edelgard completed his sentence without second thought.

As soon as the word made its way into their minds, Dimitri's and Edelgard's eyes both shot wide open in unison. That's right, they were sisters! A myriad of memories began to pour into their minds, them growing up together in both Faerghus and Adrestia. The way they were both torn apart by their countries, only to reunite in Garreg Mach and rekindle their relationship. Vivid images of the two's increasingly intimate relationship replayed in real time. They weren't just sisters, they were lovers. Two girls bound together not just by their blood, but by their personal desires.

Of course, in actuality, Dimitri and Edelgard were perfectly aware that all of these memories were fake. They could still perfectly recall their old selves, especially considering how much different their new bodies were. But they didn't care in the slightest. In fact, the duo seemed to actively embrace their changes. Never in their lives had either of these lords feel so loved or accepted. Holding each other so closely was the warmest experience they'd had up to this point. Even if their pasts were fake, even if their bodies had been modified against their will, the feelings they felt towards each other were more than real. After getting such a rich taste of companionship, neither Dimitri nor Edelgard had any desire to go back.

"Dimigard~" Edelgard spoke with a warm smile, abandoning her previous identity for a much more fulfilling one. "I've always to have a beautiful sister like you by my side~"

"Me too, Edeltri~" Dimitri quickly followed in her sister's suit, not only throwing away her identity but even her original gender. "From now on, neither of us will have to suffer being alone anymore~"

Bodies moving in perfect unison, Dimigard and Edeltri closed their eyes and pushed their lips together, fully embracing not just their new lives, but their love for each other as both twin sisters and lovers. The crowd erupted into confused chatter once more, much louder and rowdier than it had been before. But

this time neither Edeltri or Dimigard gave it any mind. The twin sisters happily rubbed their throbbing dicks together, quivering in delight as they felt their cockheads kiss. Everywhere they touched felt like a little explosion of bliss, from the way their nipples pressed together, to the way their breast mass bulged against each other, to even the light, tender touches of affections that came from each of their fingers. The way their tongues thoroughly caressed the insides of each other's mouths, it was easy to see that their feelings were as sincere as they were passionate.

Sothis watched it all occur with a perverse smile and a powerful erection. The moment she noticed Edeltri and Dimigard discarding their previous identities, she felt her cock throb harder than it had ever throbbed before. Her arousal rose to unprecedented levels at the sight of the two sisters fully making lover to each other directly in front of everyone, entirely unafraid and undeterred of what anyone else might say. The mere thought that these two had just a few seconds ago been mortal enemies, two adversaries with uncompromising ideological differences, yet now they were over each other as if they couldn't survive apart was like a drug to Sothis' system. This was the exact type of corrosive, corruptive perversion that Sothis had always desire~!!!

A loud gurgle bellowed out from Sothis' balls, which slushed and thickened as more and more sperm was produced within them. Sothis lurched forward, her voice stumbling out of her mouth with a troubled tone. The girl could really feel it now, the growing arousal, that ever-pervading lust slowly simmering until it had reached its boiling point. Copious amounts of precum were already flowing from her tip, while pleasure caused her cock to tremble as if it was being affected by an earthquake. The more she watched Dimigard's and Edeltri's shameful display, the closer Sothis felt herself get to the edge of climax.

But it wasn't just a physical orgasm that was building up within Sothis. Way past the continuously growing lust that eroded her mind's reason, Sothis could feel her magical powers bubbling and quivering in an unstable manner. It was the same power she'd just used to transform Edelgard and Dimitri, the same power that had grown this cock on her body without her permission. Whenever Sothis' lust grew too volatile, it became impossible for her to control her transformative magic. The magical energies would just amass inside of her until she could no longer control them and they exploded outwards. In fact, a burst of this power was what had started this whole thing in the first place, when she'd accidentally swapped Byleth's and Manuela's bodies.

The difference was that when it happened them, Sothis' orgasm ended up being quite small and unimpactful, little more than a physical reaction from her vanilla masturbation with Byleth. But now, Sothis had thoroughly indulged in her most perverse desires. She'd let her powers and mind run rampant, generating the greatest amount of lust she'd ever experienced in her lifetime. If Sothis were to explode now, the effects would be absolutely disastrous. Not only were the people who had gathered around to watch the exhibition in the perfect range of Sothis' blast, but she'd also accumulated so much magical energies that she had more than enough fuel to change every single one of them. In order to dispel this oncoming chaos, Sothis knew she had to stop masturbating and settle down. This wasn't like the individual transformations she'd done before, simple changes that she could later undo without much problem. It was going to be a massive eruption of sexual entropy the likes would be extremely hard to control.

And yet, even with that knowledge, Sothis simply couldn't stop her hands more moving up and down her penis. Her cock continued to sputter and throb with desire, entirely uninterested in the fate of those pesky humans around her. Unfortunately, at this point Sothis had gone too far to back down. Her lust

had eroded her better judgement, desire clouding any semblance of self-restraint. Sothis didn't just want to cum. She wanted to sow chaos, she wanted to see everyone transformed into perverted versions of themselves, she wanted to be let freeeeee!!!!

"Glurk!!!!" Sothis gasped loudly, her eyes becoming crossed. She could feel cum slowly rising from her balls and coursing through her urethra. Her jizz was so thick and packed it flowed like lava instead of any regular liquid, slowly bubbling and oozing through at its own pace. One could even see the semen bulging through her cock as it slowly made its way to her tip. Little by little, the cum continued to flow out of Sothis' cock, until-

"I'M CUMMING!!!!!! I'M CUUUMMMMMIIIIINNNNNNGGGG~~~~~"

Like water coming out of a hose with too much pressure, cum exploded forth from the tip of Sothis' urethra in a majestic spray of incredible proportions. Sothis' tongue lolled out of her mouth, face morphed into a mind bent expression. Her hips flared up towards the sky, letting her thick globs of jizz rain all over her body and surroundings. Of course Sothis herself got slathered on her own sticky cum, as did Dimigard and Edeltri, though Sothis' gooey ectoplasm was much too ethereal for them to notice it. In fact, the power and range of Sothis' white shower was so incredible that it even struck a couple of people out on the cloud.

However, much more impactful than Sothis' powerful climax was the absolutely relentless shockwave of magical energies that exploded out of her body. It was as if someone had casted a powerful wind spell that blew everyone back and away from the arena. Many of them stumbled backwards or to the floor, bodies too weak to stand against the vastness of Sothis' power. Except instead of being affected by any regular kind of offensive magic, they were all being thoroughly molded by Sothis' far reaching transformative energies. Thick, copious amounts of Sothis' power flowed inside of them. It made quick work of their genetic material, shifting and altering it in unpredictable ways. Unbeknownst to any of them, their lives would abruptly be turned upside down.

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One of the first people to find themselves affected was Dedue, who stood at the front of the crowd, as close to the source as one could possibly get. Eyes closing and teeth gritting, the man was somehow able to stand against the initial shockwave with little effort. Whereas most people had been thoroughly blown back or tripped to the ground, Dedue merely stumbled a step or two before regaining his footing and standing strong. He felt completely fine in the face of such incredible magic. If anything, it was his lord whom he was truly worried about at this moment in time. As the magical winds finally seemed to dissipate, Dedue could finally give a sigh of relief, ready to rush at his lord's side.

Except... When Dedue finally opened his eyes, the world was entirely different! The most noteworthy change was Dedue's new field of view, which was much lower than it had ever been. Just a few seconds ago, Dedue towered over every single person in the arena, able to effortlessly pierce into the horizon like a watchtower rising towards the sky. Now however, Dedue seemed to be incredibly tiny, barely able to look over people who were knocked over. It was as if his height had been knocked to a third or even a quarter of what it had originally been. Poor Dedue was more dwarf than man at this point!

This was far from the worst change however. Sharply looking down at his own body, Dedue could see that it wasn't merely shorter, it had changed in every single conceivable way! While Dedue's head

remained the same, the previously ebony skin of his body was now a pearly, white, pale as the snow on the mountain. Instead of thick, squarish pecs, he had a pair of tiny, budding titties. And his manhood was nowhere to be seen, replaced by a dainty, feminine pussy which had never been used. Not to mention how all of Dedue's clothes had disintegrated, leaving his slim, bare body completely exposed to the elements. It was blatantly clear from a simple gaze the body under Dedue's head was not his. Instead, it looked like it might have belonged to-

"Dedue?! Is that you?!"

Swiftly turning his gaze back towards the voice, Dedue was met with Flayn's cute, soft face. What he hadn't been expecting was that below her twirled green locks and tender expression would be a massive, muscular dark skinned body akin that of an incredible ancient statue. In much the same way that Dedue had changed, it looked like Flayn too had acquired another person's body from the neck down. And it was a body that Dedue himself was incredibly familiar with. The firm, muscular six pack, that unwavering and monolithic height, and the fat, girthy cock that hung down from her crotch, Dedue recognized them all too well. They were all part of Dedue's body after all.

"Wow! That magic blast thing somehow swapped are bodies or something!" Flayn exclaimed with excitement, not very emotionally affected over her physical change for some reason.

"I must say though..." The girl licked her lips. "You look VERY cute in my body~"

Had Dedue not been frozen in shock at the moment, he might have very well said the same thing to Flayn. For some reason, the instant he'd laid eyes on her, the man had become completely enraptured by Flayn's form. It was a body he'd seen in the mirror countless times, yet now that it stood before him it seemed to activate this innate biological need at the back of his mind. Dedue found himself salivating for Flayn's figure, and not just with his mouth. Slick juices continuously dripped down the length of Dedue's legs from his new, virgin mound. His entire body trembled with desire, a pounding, desperate need to breed that made his legs quiver. Never in his life had Dedue experienced this kind of overbearing lust, especially towards his very own body. But the passionate feeling he was experiencing were the unmistakable signs of lust. And he was far from the only one.

Standing before Dedue, the towering Flayn's face grew heated and flushed the longer she peered down towards Dedue. The girl tried her best to avert her gaze, body twitching inconspicuously. But her true intentions became blatantly clear as her ebony cock slowly grew larger and larger. Dedue let out an amazed sigh seeing the massive, girthy member stretch to an imperative 11-inches. He could scarcely believe the way Flayn's fat balls hung lower and lower, while her wide cockhead throbbed with need. From his lower point of view, Flayn's cock looked so much more massive and incredible than before. The whole thing had to be as thick as Dedue's arm. It was so large, it looked more at home on the body of a massive stallion than a man. There was no way any human should have realistically been able to take such a tool, and yet... Dedue's pussy quivered at the thought of letting it penetrate him~

"D-Dedue!" Flayn squirmed sheepishly, her bulky, masculine body moving with dainty motions. "I-If you keep staring at me like t-that, then..."

Unable to handle the surge of male hormones coursing through his body, Flayn darted towards Dedue and effortlessly picked up the man off the ground. Her expression was completely distorted as she lifted him towards her crotch, nudging his oozing mound against the tip of bar hardened dick. It was as if lust

had entirely overtaken every single shred of her reason. But the strangest thing of all was how little Dedue resisted. The man gave no reaction the moment his feet left the ground, leaving his tiny body entirely at Flayn's mercy. His pussy merely quivered and spurted at the hot touch of Flayn's erect cock. Dedue was so enraptured by his desire for Flayn's body, he couldn't dare to think about anything else.

It was only once Dedue's sopping pussy was quaking from the pressure of Flayn's cock that the man actually realized what was going on.

"W-Wait-!!" He whimpered weakly, barely able to fight against his own pervading desires. "S-S-Stop! Do-Don't-!!!"

But it was much too late. Thrusting her hips upwards with the immense power of her enormous, muscular legs, Flayn effortlessly smashed the length of her cock deep into Dedue's virgin pussy. The duo cried out in unison, their bodies stiffening up in a mixture of pleasure and discomfort. Though the experience was a little bit painful for Dedue, the man couldn't help but tremble with ecstasy the more of Flayn's cock penetrated. He didn't want her to take it out or stop, his body craved to be further and further ravaged by Flayn's masculinity. Flayn herself was just as unprepared for this new experience. She had no idea what she was doing, nor what she was supposed to do. Instead, she let herself be guided by a biological imperative that was ingrained into the genes of her rugged form.

As Flayn began to slowly pump her dick in and out of Dedue's body, the duo's resistance waned and waned until it was basically non-existent. Using both of her thick, muscular arms, Flayn embraced Dedue against her body tightly. Dedue reciprocated in kind, lovingly wrapping both arms and legs around Flayn's widened form. The two even longingly gazed into each other's eyes, before the began to passionately and sloppily kiss in between their pleased moans. It was as if every single one of their desires had been thoroughly overwritten, leaving them as nothing more than little sex machines desperately chasing physical pleasure.

Scenes like these quickly began developing all around the courtyards, as Sothis' magic began to pervade into everyone in the blast radius. The transformations weren't always the same, though they were always sexual in nature. Sometimes men would grow huge sets of breasts, while others would find their dicks tripling in size. The changes could be as simple as a singular change in perspective, to an in-depth corruption of every single ounce of a person's form. While some people would try to resist their changes and new desires, the power of Sothis' perversion was so wide spread that soon everyone fell victim to its ever-incessant lust.

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Claude was one such person who didn't seem to be affected as much as others.

"Hnggh..." He mumbled. Stumbling his steps after the massive shockwave of magic, he somehow managed to stay on his feet. "W-What's going on...?"

Slowly gazing into the crowd of people behind him, he could see people changing left and right. Clothes were ripped into shreds by growing bodies, or willingly torn by its owners due to overwhelming lust. People who'd never even spoken before began to passionately press their nude bodies together, hoping to satiate this new infectious heat that was taking over everyone's mind. Claude felt thankful that he

wasn't under as much duress as some of the others he was seeing. However, it would quickly become apparent that he had not been spared of the madness.

Clutching his stomach with pain, Claude could feel his organs start twisting. His cock seemed to be shrinking, balls receding back into his body as if his puberty was being undone. Instead, he could feel a deep, thick hole being formed in the exact same spot. His prostate was shrunk and incorporated into this new organ, urethra shifting into a different position. By the time this new hole had finished forming inside him, a fresh pair of lips birthed open a new hole at the tip of Claude's crotch. Not just any hole either, but a fully functional pussy that would have looked at home on the body of any woman.

The change is so drastic, Claude can't even process it in his mind. He could no longer feel his cock, that in itself was perfectly clear. But the idea that it would just straight up disappear was ridiculous at best! Hands drifting lower, Claude desperately ripped a large hole in his pants in order to confirm his new fate. His fingers pushed against his skin as the threads of his uniform, gently circling his organ until they reached their destination. There, Claude could finally confirm his greatest fears. He wasn't a regular boy anymore, he was a cuntboy.

Digits twinged with a mixture of curiosity and desire, Claude began to tepidly investigate this new organ. The tip of his fingers tenderly caressed his new labia, sending shudders throughout Claude's spine. The bulbous, pulsating clit that had been Claude's dick twitched eagerly as he rubbed it, causing his entire organ to tighten and dampen with desire. Claude let out a breathy moan. Despite having kept his faculties mostly intact, even he was having trouble fighting against that invasive lust that seemed to be running rampant. Falling prey to those greedy temptations, he let his fingers dip into the folds of his pussy, eagerly caressing the depths of his brand new vaginal walls. Little by little, the discomfort he'd initially experienced with his changed form was slowly shifting into something else. Something much more powerful and pleasurable...

"Heeyyy Claudeeee~"

While Claude busied himself exploring his new body, the boy was caught entirely off guard when Ingrid jumped from the crowd and lovingly wrapped herself around his right arm. Ingrid's smile was as warm and welcoming as ever. Upon a cursory inspection, it was hard to tell if she had even been affected by the explosion of transformation in the first place. However, it was clear in the way she clung to Claude's arm that something was awry. Her grip was iron tight, less of a friendly gesture and more like a predator refusing to let go of its prey. Both of her breasts had encased his arm, a luscious gesture that the usually serious Ingrid would normally never do. Whatever Ingrid's intentions were with Claude, he could most certainly tell they were not pure.

It was only when Claude gazed upon Ingrid's crotch that everything became crystal clear. In a development quite similar to Claude's own, it seemed like Ingrid's pussy had been replaced by an enormous dick. Not just any dick either, but a fat, throbbing, spotted horse cock which sprung from her crotch with a massive erection. Claude could see the girthy appendage bobbing up and down, its every inch filled to the brim with unbridled lust. Its hefty, heaving balls clung low, supplying an endless supply of precum which dripped from Ingrid's tip. Only now did Claude realize Ingrid's expression was more than friendly, she too had been consumed by the desires of her form and was more than ready to use that new cock of hers on Claude.

"I see your thingie has changed, just like me!!" Ingrid cheered with a pleasant tone of voice, as if her cock wasn't violently throbbing for Claude's cunt. "Do y-you think since we've both gone through the same thing, you could help me out...? I-It's just y-you~ *Sniifffff~*" Ingrid took a deep breath, causing her body to shiver while a thick trail of precum sputtered from her tip. "Y-You smell so g-great I can't help it~~"

"Y-Y-Yeah C-Claude!!!" Before Claude could even respond to Ingrid's request, his other arm was promptly captured by Marianne.

Marianne's grip was tight and desperate. Her fingers gripped onto Claude's arm as if she was about to tear it off. Claude didn't even need to look at her to know what was going on. Just like Ingrid, a big, fat animalistic cock sprung from Marianne's crotch. This one was a bit more reptilian in nature, with a greenish color, a more triangular shape, and bulbous knot at its base. It was the perfect example of a monstrous cock if there ever was one, and it suited Marianne surprisingly well. With the help of its surge of hormones and the influx of lust, Marianne was finally able to assert herself and express the extent of her desires clearly, even if her desire was to viciously pound Claude's new cunt.

If Claude wanted to say no, he was in quite the bad position. Both his left and right limbs had been completely overpowered, leaving him no actual place to go nor way to defend himself. Not to mention how the animalistic cocks had somehow also given each of the girls animalistic strength, making it impossible for Claude to even break free. Regardless of what Claude responded, he was sure he was going to be turned into the perfect sex toy for Ingrid's and Marianne's libido.

Luckily for Claude, he *was* actually interested in getting his holes filled. The sight of Ingrid's horse cock and Marianne's draconic penis made Claude's pussy ooze with desire. His entire body quivered excitedly, preparing itself to get filled to the brim. Claude's smile shifted into a smirk. He was never one to turn down a new experience~

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Unfortunately, not everyone was as interested in exploring these new experiences as Claude might have been. Standing on the other side of the stadium, Hubert found himself still reeling in shock after having witnessed Lady Edelgard's complete and thorough transformation with his very own eyes. The man's body was frozen in shock, his entire world in tatters now that his one guiding light had been taken from him. Just like everyone else present, Hubert could feel his body pulsating with those strange transformative energies, but he was so overwhelmed with grief he barely paid them any attention.

Instead, the one thing that seemed to irk Hubert was this odd, gooey sensation that clung to his body as if it was some sort of sticky slime. And he was far from the only one.

"Ewww! What's this sticky stuff that's all over me?!" Dorothea cried out beside Hubert, desperately jostling her feminine figure in a fruitless attempt to get it off.

"How odd..." Linhardt commented in a more measured and analytical tone of voice though was just as afflicted by this ailment as Hubert or Dorothea. "Though I can clearly feel it, I can't seem to see the substance covering us at all..."

Unbeknownst to all of them, there was a perfectly good reason why they all felt this way. The trio had been in the perfect range of Sothis' massive, penile orgasms, meaning they were covered head to toe in

the Goddess' ethereal ejaculate. The viscous substance could cling to their physical forms, spreading its sexual heat deep into their systems. Except it did much more than simply 'latch onto them'. Combining with Sothis' magical mayhem, the cum phased through their clothes, slowly sinking into their skin until it had literally melted into their bodies. While Sothis' semen might not have been visible by the human eye, its effects were as real as they could possibly be.

"H-Hubert! Snap out of it!" Dorothea reached out to the paralyzed Hubert, clearly in deep distress over all that was happening around her. "We gotta focus and try to figure out what the hell- G-G-Guuhh!!!!"

But just before Dorothea could finish her thought, the woman buckled forth, clutching her stomach as tightly as she could manage. Her expression became thoroughly pained, a series of strange gurgling sounds emerging from her tummy. Feeling this sudden pressure surge from her midsection, Dorothea tried her best to reactively restrain this overpowering feeling. But there was nothing she could do. In a matter of seconds, Dorothea's belly exploded forward, growing several sizes larger until she looked like she was thoroughly pregnant.

The entire process was just as sudden as it was shocking. Hubert couldn't help but stumble backwards from the sheer spectacle of it all. One moment Dorothea looked perfectly normal, and the next there was this utterly exaggerated baby bump spreading out of her belly. Poor Dorothea's tummy had become so large, it was stretching and tearing through her uniform. It was clear that the stomach was much more than just fat too. Hubert could see her belly button bulging, not to mention how perfectly round and plump the stomach appeared. There was no doubt that Dorothea's innards were thriving with life.

"Oh my goodness!" Linhardt cried out in half excitement, half bewilderment. He broke through his own discomfort in order to caress Dorothea's new stomach. "Dorothea! I-It looks like you're pregnant! W-What an amazing- Hhnggghh!!!"

Just like Dorothea before him, the unsuspecting Linhardt was afflicted with an unbearable belly ache. Though this time, the results were perfectly predictable. In an absolute explosion of mass, Linhardt's belly ballooned forth without any semblance of restraint or inhibition. His entire tummy grew utterly immense almost immediately, matching Dorothea's own extended belly in size and girth. Even the shape was exactly the same, with his own belly button defiantly pushing out of his tummy and against his uniform. It didn't really matter that it made little sense for Linhardt to be pregnant, his stomach was just as rotund and full of life as Dorothea's.

Of course, by this point Hubert could very well understand where things were going. The man didn't even clutch his stomach or cry out in pain as he felt his own belly succumbing to that infernal, magical pressure. Taking a deep breath, Hubert merely stood there and watched eyes agape as his belly extended out of his vision. It grew larger and rounder with every second, stretching his uniform to the point of tearing until it got as big as a cauldron. Though Hubert had no idea what specifically was growing inside of him, he could most certainly tell it pulsated with life. The way the little ones bumped against the walls of his belly and throbbed to his pulse sent pleasurable shudders throughout Hubert's whole form. It was most certainly the most bizarre thing Hubert had ever experienced. But the strangest part of it all was how little he hated this...

“No! No! No! No! This CAN’T be happening!!!!” Dorothea shifted left and right with a panicked expression, clutching her stomach as if it was some kind of foreign object. “I haven’t even gotten marrieeeeeeeddddd!!!”

Head reflexively turning backwards, Dorothea could only moan as she felt her breasts suddenly start growing larger and larger. The girl’s bust was already plenty generous, but it seemed like her expanded biology had blessed her with even further endowments. Each breast pushed out against her uniform, growing and growing until they had reached bountiful G-Cups. It caused her already ample cleavage window to utterly explode into a sea of tit. Her breasts weren’t the only thing growing either. As her expanded bust rested atop of her heavy belly, Dorothea’s nipples became thicker and fatter. Their color shifted from a pretty pink to a darkened, mature brown, more fitting on an expectant mother than a spry young woman. Then, as if to top the whole thing off, damp spots began to propagate on the bust of Dorothea’s uniform. Not from sweat, but from milk that started to freely flow from Dorothea’s thoroughly transformed breasts.

“T-This s-s-shouldn’t even be possible!!!” Linhardt cried out in a bewildered voice, trying to come up with a logical explanation for the way their bodies were shifting so drastically. “H-How can a boy get pregnaaaaaaaanttttt!!!”

Sadly, there was no logical explanation to be found. For despite being fully male, Linhardt’s breasts grew just as large and fat as Dorothea’s. A loud tearing sound rang into the air as the top of the boy’s uniform tore right open, allowing for his growing bust to expand unimpeded. The pair of succulent breasts happily rested atop of Linhardt’s baby oven, their insides growing thick and rich with milk that was freshly produced. Linhardt’s nipples, once tiny and unremarkable, bulged out against his outfit, becoming incredibly thick and sensitive to any sort of stimulation. The mere sensation of having his bare nipples rub against his uniform was enough to cause them to start squirting hot milk, paralyzing the boy’s mind and freezing his expression into one of debauched bliss.

Of course, Hubert’s fate had been inextricably linked to Dorothea and Linhardt up to this point in time, so the boy felt no sort of surprise when his own flat, boyish pecs developed into a pair of titanic tits. In fact, the feeling was sort of pleasurable. Hubert’s cock throbbed as he felt each one of the growing fat globes press against his belly, each one of them becoming fatter and larger by the second. The sensation of his growing nipples and endlessly flowing milk sent a shudder of ecstasy down Hubert’s spine. It wasn’t necessarily that he was accepting or even embracing these new sensations. Rather, they all came naturally with this new form, almost as if this was the way things were supposed to turn out.

Grabbing hold of his milky titties with both hands, Hubert looked up into the sky as if searching for some kind of guidance. His dear Edelgard, the person he’d looked up to the most, the person he’d admired for so long, had now suddenly abandoned all of everything they’d worked so hard on for mere pleasure. Hubert’s own body had been thoroughly modified past the point of recognition, turning him into something who’s purpose was so far removed from anything he could have ever dreamed of. It felt like Hubert no longer had any sort of direction in life, as if he’d been stripped of meaning. Everything he’d dreamed of, everything he’d aspired to do, it had all crumbled away into dust. Hubert’s life... It no longer had any purpose...

Except... That wasn’t true... Just as Hubert had reached his lowest point, a sudden myriad of foreign thoughts began to invade his head, slowly overpowering his mind. While it might be correct that his old

goals were no longer achievable, Hubert most certainly still had purpose. His developed body carried rich signs of life, the blessed genes of the creator Sothis who loved them all. To be in the presence of the almighty Sothis was already a gift in it of itself, but actually carrying her genetic material within him was the highest honor any person could ever achieve! It was so odd, Hubert had always remembered hating the church and its archaic systems. He did not believe any of its silly propaganda for a single second. Yet now, he wasn't just filled with devotion, his entire body pulsed eagerly with a blissful desire to serve. It wasn't that he'd been stripped of his purpose. Rather, Hubert had been blessed with a much more important and fulfilling role.

A bright flash of light suddenly wrapped around Hubert, Dorothea and Linhardt. The gleam only lasted a couple of seconds, but when it disappeared the trio's clothes were entirely different! Instead of the usual student's uniforms, their new robes resembled the church's priestess clothing most closely. Pristine white silken threads accompanied by gold and green accents made for a look that was completely holy and revered in nature. Though even then, the amount of actual cloth present in their outfits was so minimal, it was as if they'd actually been hyper sexualized porn parodies versions of the Church of Seiros' holy garbs.

With their front and backs completely devoid of the priestess' bulky coat, the trio's outfit left little to the imagination. Their arms and thighs were left totally bare, only thigh high boots and slender gloves to cover their hands and feet. But perhaps the most striking feature of them all had to be the small tube top that surrounded their midsections, which came adorned with this enormous rhombus-shaped window that exposed every inch of their heavily pregnant stomachs to the world. Their cute inverted belly buttons poked forth, the skin of their tummies stretching out as far as possible. With every breath the bellies wobbled up and down, not just due to the pulse of their carriers, but the very pulsations of life within them. The way each of their fat tummies poked through the belly window made it abundantly clear that the purpose of this outfit was to enhance their pregnant looks.

The rest of their outfits were just as sexy and perverted as their tummies. A pair of bikini tops covered each of their fat, heavy milky breasts, though they didn't do a very good job at it. Each of their nipples was so thick, they poked right through the bikini tops, not to mention the way their constantly flowing milk made their tops quite damp and unwieldy. For bottoms, they each had a cute pair of bikini bottoms that tightly clung to their curves. Dorothea's panties fit perfectly, though Hubert's and Linhardt's had a bit of trouble staying inside thanks to their pulsating manhoods.

However, much stranger than their new outfits was the way each of the three student's attitudes had totally changed. Where once there had only been complaining, worries and confusion, the only thing that remained were giggles and smiles. Each one of the students bore their belly with a bright, earnest expression, happily holding their filled up tummies as if they were excited to show em off.

"Aaahhhh~!!! I'm so happy to be part of our wonderful Goddess' Clergy of Wombs~" Hubert exclaimed in an unusually enthusiastic voice. The boy held his fat belly with pride, its very existence filling him with endless amounts of bliss. "To think that I once used to be a blasphemous non-believer... But now that I have seen Sothis' greatness, I know there is no better pleasure than to serve as Sothis' personal womb~!!!"

“That is soooo right sister!!!” Dorothea squealed in agreement, her belly bouncing up and down from all of the excitement. “I was so caught up in trying to find a good husband to marry and find a good life, that I never realized the greatest life is one serving as our amazing goddess’ breeding stock~!”

“Yes, no amount of research or discovery could ever help humanity more than carrying our goddess’ precious genes~” Linhardt sighed dreamily, cock twitching and nipples leaking from the sheer amount of pleasure he felt. “Becoming part of Sothis’ Clergy of Wombs was the best thing that ever happened to us!”

Pushing their bare bellies together, the trio let out a lecherous moan. Their bodies throbbed with pure arousal and ecstasy, every inch of their forms overflowing with devotion. They all basked in each other’s belly heat, utterly embracing the way their bellies pulsed with life and jostled with fat. Not a single shred of resistance remained in their minds. Their bodies, their very selves, had been thoroughly modified to fit their new lives. They had all been given new purpose, one which transcended anything they held before.

“TO BEING THE BEST WOMBS OUR GODDESS COULD ASK FOR~~!!!” The three chanted in unison, before a blissful orgasm of devotion claimed their bodies whole.

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As more and more people became thoroughly corrupted due to Sothis’ transformative power, all the little goddess could do was pant breathlessly. Though her cock had been thoroughly spent, unable to scrounge up even a bit of pleasure, every inch of her lithe body reverberated with satisfaction. She could feel everyone else’s lust, their desires infecting the training grounds with passionate pleasures the likes she’d never experienced before. It was as if Sothis’ own pent up desires had been released into the world, taking on life of their own and spreading freely.

Despite knowing she’d most certainly created an enormous mess, Sothis couldn’t help but feel proud. Sure, it would be a pain in the ass to turn everything back to normal. Byleth would most certainly scold her the moment he found out. Maybe he’d even ban her from going off on her own, and stop the little masturbations that gave her the daily release she desperately needed. But honestly... It had been totally worth it~